

## Children's Department.

### THE SQUIRREL'S ARITHMETIC.

High on the branch of a walnut tree  
A bright-eyed squirrel sat,  
What was he thinking so earnestly?  
And what was he looking at?

The forest was green around him,  
The sky blue over his head;  
His nest was in a hollow limb,  
And his children snug in bed.

He was doing a problem o'er and o'er,  
Busily thinking was he;  
How many nuts for his winter's store  
Could he hive in the hollow tree?

He sat so still on the swaying bough  
You might have thought him asleep.  
O, no! he was trying to reckon now  
The nuts the babies could eat.

Then suddenly he frisked about,  
And down the tree he ran.

"The best way to do, without a doubt,  
Is to gather all I can." —Selected.

### OUR LETTER BOX.

*Dear Boys and Girls:*—We are glad to have more names to add to the list of contributors to the Chicago Mission. Sister Laura Heagler of Washington C. H., O., sends us \$1.40 for this fund. Following are the names.

Myrtle Cramblitt, McLean, O.,	10
Bessie Davis, Washington, C. H.	
Ohio,	10
Arie Garrison, Plano, O.,	10
Lula Starr, Austin, O.,	10
Beula " " "	10
Essie Vincent, Plano, O.,	10
Annie Himiller, Washington, C. H.	
Ohio,	10
Addie Geitz, Washington C. H., O.,	10
Nina McCoy, " " "	10
Bertha Tharp, " " "	10
Laura A. Heagler, " " "	10
Cash,	10
Cash,	10
Total,	\$1.40
Verna Murray, Aleppo, Pa.,	10
Lloyd D. Murray, Aleppo, Pa.,	10
Willie Gilmore, Trinidad, Colo.,	10
Previously acknowledged,	\$1.90
Total	\$3.60

*Dear Editor:*—I have not written a letter for a long time. I am eleven years old. Papa, mamma, three brothers and myself belong to the Brethren church. Our pastor is B. H. Flora. We like him very well. He baptized my youngest brother and myself this winter. We attend Sunday-school at Highland. My teacher is Mr. Steffey. We expect to organize a Sunday-school at the Chapel the next quarter. We had a donation and surprise on our pastor of which I will send you a report taken from the Akron news. Please publish it in the EVANGELIST. I will ask a question. Who were Jesus' brothers?

EMMA MILLER.

Akron, Ind.

*Dear Editor:*—This is my first attempt to write to the EVANGELIST. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday I can. I was at Sunday-school and preaching this morning. Our pastor's name is J. M. Tombaugh. My father, mother, and three oldest sisters belong to the Dunkard church. I do not go to school. I have missed two terms. I am troubled with my head. I am 12 years old.

ESSIE VINCENT.

Plano, Ohio.

*Dear Editor:*—This is my first letter to the Children's Column. Mamma often reads the EVANGELIST aloud to us children, but I read the children's letters. There is no Brethren church here. My uncle and aunt, (Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Enslow, of Aurelia, Ia.,) are workers in your church. We go to Sunday-school sometimes—when mamma is not too tired to get us ready. She has to support us four children, and is often too tired to go or to send us. I am in the high third grade at school. I will send ten cents for the Chicago Mission. We were very pleasantly surprised on Christmas by different ones. I am eight years old, (mamma's oldest.)

WILLIE GILMORE.

Trinidad, Col.

*Dear Editor:*—I will try to write a short letter for the Children's Column. I am seven years old. Papa is our preacher. Tillie Miller is my Sunday-school teacher. My papa and mamma, my two brothers and sisters belong to the Brethren church. I say my verses every evening and morning. I will send ten cents for the Chicago Mission.

LLOYD D. MURRAY.

Aleppo, Pa.

*Dear Editor:*—I will write a letter to the EVANGELIST as I have not written for some time. Papa is holding a protracted meeting at Quiet Dell. Five have confessed Christ. He wrote for Brother Shaver to come and help him. But as Brother Shaver's grand child got sick he could not come. My Sunday-school teacher treated us Xmas and will treat again Easter. She is a good teacher and we all like her. As she is working away she has been absent for several Sundays. I will send ten cents for the Chicago Mission.

VERNA MURRAY.

Aleppo, Pa.

### THE LITTLE VOICE.

Rena was a little girl ten years old. Her mother had often said, "God has put a little voice in your heart to tell you what is right, and this voice is called conscience."

Rena lived in the old time of tallow candles, open fireplaces, and simple living. One night she went to bed upstairs. The door of her room was open. She could not sleep, and lay thinking a long time. All the rest went to bed, and last of all her big brother came through the door and up the stairs. She thought she saw a light as the door opened, but soon concluded she must have been mistaken. She still lay thinking, and all at once a voice seemed to say, "Go down and see."

Rena was afraid, and said to herself, "Of course Carl blew out the light."

The voice said, "Go down and see."

She said, "Carl told me to-day I was full of fancies."

The voice still said, "Go down and see."

"I would take cold and mother would not like it."

The little voice continued to speak; for Rena had been listening. At last she jumped up, threw a shawl over her head, and crept down the stairs. How afraid she felt! The floor creaked. She opened the door, and there stood the candle burning with double its usual light. The wick had curled around and melted the candle on one side and it was just ready to fall. On the table was a great pile of papers almost near enough to touch the blaze.

"Mamma was right about the voice," said Rena, and she marched boldly up the stairs, so glad and happy that she had put out the light. The little voice seemed to say, "All right, all right." She went to sleep and dreamed a hundred fairies were dancing over flowers saying, "All right."—Advance.

### A THOUGHTFUL BOY.

Much of the so-called "cruelty to animals" arises from pure thoughtlessness. Every boy and man should continue himself a committee of one to undo careless work of this sort. The following story comes from New York:

A short time ago, as I was crossing Market street, near Twenty-second street, a boy not over ten years old, who had been walking just before me, ran into the street and picked up a broken glass pitcher. I supposed he intended the pieces as missiles, since the desire to throw something seems instinct in every boy. Consequently, I was much surprised when he tossed the pieces into a vacant lot at the corner and walked quietly on. As he passed me, whistling, I said:

"Why did you pick up that pitcher?"

"I was afraid it might cut some horse's foot," he replied.

My next question was a natural one:

"Are you a Band of Mercy boy?"

He smiled as he said: "Oh, yes; that's why I did it."

The bands of mercy were drawn very closely around the dear little fellow's heart, I am sure.—Sel.

A Sunday-school teacher handed to her scholars little slips of paper on which was printed the question, "What have I to be thankful for?" Among the replies that were given on the following Sunday was this pathetic sentence, written by a little girl who had learned by bitter experience probably the painful truths it implied: "I am thankful there are no saloons in heaven."